

## It's All Accordion!

JUST ten years ago a pretty Swiss girl named Irma Helbling came to England to demonstrate a new kind of piano-accordion. It incorporated improvements that sprang from cinema organ technique.

Her father—originally a manufacturer of mouth-organs!—had personally invented this new kind of accordion—designing the treble keys like a piano keyboard, arranging the bass notes in a way that made the playing of chords simple.

It made playing the accordion easier than playing the piano—and began the boom that has never ended.

Yet accordions of a kind were known 5,000 years ago to the ancient Chinese.

They cropped up—like many of our wind instruments—in Egypt, and no doubt accompanied Nero during the bonfire of Rome.

On horse-drawn brakes, when in holiday mood, our grandfathers got a certain amount of fun out of accordions usually blessed with only four bass keys.

To-day, as every enthusiast knows, no other instrument can produce so many effects. It can crash out with the volume of a small orchestra.

A touch on the sliding bar of one of the higher-priced models—and you can pay up to £200 for the finest maestro instruments—and it plays with flute effects.

It can throb in tremolo, swing "In the Mood" into the groove—and it long since surpassed the saxophone in record sales.

To-day, Britain alone has over 200 accordion orchestras, bands playing nothing else. There are accordion players earning £100 a week.

Until production turned over to war work, a factory in Britain was employing 4,000 workers making nothing else—and a London school still has thousands of students a year.

A special short course for Service men is one of the most popular, but pupils have included old ladies of 70, not to mention a gentleman who had become a great-grandfather, but declared that he meant to keep up with the times.

And in the Swiss birthplace of piano-accordions as we know them, factories are still working overtime to keep up with the demand. One trainload went to Germany in exchange for coal which the Swiss urgently needed, and Swiss accordions are being exported to the United States all the time—to the tune of 25,000 last year.

Newest trends as shown in the latest models tend to streamlining. Mother-o'-pearl ornamentation has been so overdone in the past that many people erroneously believe the "p.a." to be an Italian instrument.

**Write in to "Good Morning" — be a pal!**

Now a curved accordion, shorn of all useless ornamentation, is putting comfort before show—and the p.a. gains dignity from an American classical composer who has written five concertos in which accordions feature as the solo instrument.

The old accordions—invented, so far as the modern world goes, by a Viennese in 1829—were little more than mammoth mouth-organs. They worked on the same principle.

And here's the story told by Peter Davis for the "SQUEEZE-BOXERS"



Music in both came from tiny strips of brass that trembled out notes when blown.

The modern piano-accordion may have four different reeds to each note, all made to vary their tone according to the common metal base against which they vibrate.

The reeds, too, are built into cells that can be varied to give different tonal values.

I have seen a superb, craftsman-built "p.a." with mechanism ten times more intricate than that of a typewriter.

The same craftsman had built a special-order model emblazoned with the player's name in diamonds. An Indian raj, he assured me, has banished his native orchestra in favour of a solo-accordionist.

New marvels are in the offing. After the war the trade hopes to get down to pocket-sized accordions almost equal in scope to large parent models. They've done it before! Most accordion manufacturers also go in for harmonicas.

If this grandiose "mouth-organ" can be reduced, then there's a chance for the accordion with its sweeping powers and respectable an-

WHEN the date fixed for the meeting of Georges Carpentier and Battling Siki was announced it left boxing enthusiasts in this country cold. It was of no real interest, they thought, and it was not even a match.

Siki never had been in Carpentier's class and never would be.

You cannot expect to arouse much interest in a match that is regarded as a foregone conclusion. As an attraction to British fight followers it was scarcely worth wasting the price of a bus ride to see it, let alone making a journey to Paris for such an obvious farce.

Even French fight followers were not such mugs as to think that Siki stood more than a dog's chance, yet they turned up in their thousands, and the result was a record "gate" for a fight in Europe.

Carpentier was delighted. He would rake in a very nice sum of money, the Velodrome Buffalo at Montrouge would be launched on a wave of publicity that cost practically nothing. What better way was there to celebrate this grand opening than to show all his friends and the world at large how easily he could beat this ape-man Siki?

What a celebration indeed!

I'll bet the headache caused by that celebration returns to this day, particularly when the Velodrome Buffalo happens to be mentioned in Carpentier's presence.

He was a wise man who told us "Pride goeth before a fall."

Carpentier had shown such contempt for his opponent that the sublime fates intervened at the right moment to appoint this negro ex-dish-washer as the instrument to reduce that pride to its right proportions. It was meet that the crowd present at the Velodrome that Sunday afternoon of September 24, 1922, should be a vast one. They had gone to cheer their idol, and they stayed to deride that same figure after the negro had toppled him from his pedestal and revealed that his feet were of clay.

After the wild cheering had died down following Carpentier's entry into the ring, the few who could shift their eyes from gazing at the French champion must have noticed how ill at ease was the almost neglected negro, visibly trembling in his corner.

When they shaped for the first round Siki had the eyes of a wild animal, frightened almost to frigidity. He never attempted a punch during that round. Neither did Carpentier for that matter. He just waved

his gloved hands as if playing do little more than stop his rival's blows with his face; he had scarcely enough strength to stand, let alone get out of danger.

Carpentier knew that he was beaten. He did everything he should not have done in the fifth round. He butted, used his feet, hit his man in the prohibited region, and did all that any fighter could do to merit disqualification.

It was an ugly business, revolting, in fact; and the crowd hooted with all its might. Not the negro. It was the man who had for so many years been the national idol that was hooted to scorn.

When the gong sounded the sixth round Carpentier seemed glued to his stool. He had to be pushed into a defensive position to meet the charging Siki, who rushed out like a Spanish bull. Hitting with a fury beyond control, Siki was indeed a wild man. He saw red.

Carpentier was drenched in his own blood. A little more than a minute of that round was sufficient to reduce Carpentier to a huddled heap.

He collapsed and fell to the boards, where he lay inert until carried to his corner by his seconds.

The verdict? Surely there was no need for that. The tumult was partly hushed for an announcement. "What is he saying?" asked querulous voices.

"The referee disqualified Siki. Carpentier is the winner."

The desire to see fair play is just as strong with the French as it is with a British crowd. The difference is in the manner in which disapproval is expressed.

At home we give vent to our feelings with a few shouts and weird noises, but very largely bottle up our indignation. Not so with the French.

On this occasion they really let themselves go. If Carpentier had been disqualified it would have been just, although it would have deprived Siki of his clear-cut victory; but to disqualify the negro—whew! That was diabolical!

Everything that was movable was thrown into the ring. The whole of that vast Velodrome was a battling, seething mob.

It was remarkable that the referee was able to get away alive.

There were three judges in addition to the referee. After that shocking decision the judges held a meeting, and as a result announced that evening that they had come to the conclusion that the referee had made a mistake. The official result was now a verdict for Siki.

In Paris they lavished everything on him, and—is it to be wondered at?—he lost his head. Paris was scarcely big enough to hold him. He was front-page news for several days, and then he came out with a real sensation.

He gave it out that his fight with Carpentier had been a "frame-up." This brought about a special meeting of the I.B.U., and a committee of inquiry was formed to examine all the principals. After hearing all the evidence the committee decided that Siki's charges could not be substantiated, and that was that.

Siki was subsequently suspended, but that was not the end by any means. We shall invoke his spirit at our next seance.

# "I'LL KNOCK HIM FOR SIX (AT LEAST)" SAID GEORGES

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**I.S. Newcombe's  
Short odd—But true**

In the churchyard of St. Mary Redcliffe, Bristol, is a small tombstone reading: "To the Church Cat, 1912-1927."

The tyre of a big bomber plane uses more rubber than the tyres of twenty motor-cars.

The Gold Stick is an officer of the Royal Household who attends the sovereign on State occasions.

The first man to discover gold in California was a Captain Sutter. He sued the American Government for 275,000,000 dollars, the value of his land overrun by miners in the 1849 gold rush.

## Cash Given Away!

BRITAIN is one of the most charitable countries in the world. On an average, in peacetime, every man, woman and child gave away ten shillings a year to various charities.

The rate has been maintained during the war, in spite of the fact that taxation has become so much higher and several million men and women have had their earnings reduced through joining the Services or other circumstances.

By far the most popular charity is the Duke of Gloucester's Red Cross and St. John Fund, which has now been given over £24,000,000 since war began, and has a steady income from the hundreds of thousands who give their penny a week or more. Great gifts by millionaires are spectacular, but the "mites" of the little man go even farther.

The next largest sum has gone to the Lord Mayor's Air Raid Distress Fund, which has received about £4,150,000, in addition to nearly £700,000 for the Lord Mayor's Empire Air Raid Fund.

The British people gave generously to alleviate the distress of their Russian Allies. The £3,450,000 given to Mrs. Churchill's Aid to Russia Fund is included in the Red Cross total.

Another ally, China, has been given nearly £800,000 through Lady Cripps' Aid to China Fund.

Many people have felt that the best charity was to Britain itself, and spectacular sums have been given to Tank and Aircraft funds. Aircraft especially touched the people who had seen the Battle of Britain, and they gave £18½ millions in "Spitfire" and similar funds.

In addition, over £22,000,000 has been given in free gifts to the Exchequer. It should be clear that all these are gifts and quite separate from the hundreds of millions lent to the Government.

The astonishing thing is that with all these new funds, old ones have been maintained. Flag days, including the most popular "Poppy Day," have continued to make records.

Until the spectacular gifts of Lord Nuffield, Britain could put up little to compare with the astonishing charities of American multi-millionaires.

Concluding: DR. MANETTE'S MANUSCRIPT

# I was brought to my grave

By  
Charles Dickens

EARLY in the morning the rouleau of gold was left at my door in a little box, with my name on the outside. From the first I had anxiously considered what I ought to do. I decided, that day, to write privately to the Minister, stating the nature of the two cases to which I had been summoned, and the place to which I had

gone; in effect, stating all the circumstances. I knew what Court Influence was and what the immunities of the Nobles were, and I expected that the matter would never be heard of; but I wished to relieve my own mind. I had kept the matter a profound secret, even from my wife; and this, too, I resolved to state in my letter. I had no apprehension whatever of my real danger; but I was conscious that there might be danger for others, if others were compromised by possessing the knowledge that I possessed.

I was much engaged that day, and could not complete my letter that night. I rose long before my usual time next morning to finish it. It was the last day of the year. The letter was lying before me just completed when I was told that a lady waited, who wished to see me.

I am growing more and more unequal to the task I have set myself. It is so cold, so dark, my senses are so benumbed, and the gloom upon me is so dreadful.

The lady was young, engaging and handsome, but not marked for long life. She was in great agitation. She presented herself to me as the wife of the Marquis St. Evrémonde. I connected the title by which the boy had addressed the elder brother with the initial letter embroidered on the scarf, and had no difficulty in arriving at the conclusion that I had seen that nobleman very lately.

1. A dowser is a folk dancer, water diviner, piece of harness, part of a plough, small bagpipe?

2. Who wrote (a) Hawbuck Grange, (b) The Hawbucks?

3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why: Clockwork, Machinery, Fireworks, Skittles, Blackbird, Cock-sparrow, Inkwell?

4. Is a person lying on his back said to be prone or supine?

5. How many places can you think of ending with "—hampton"?

6. What well-known firm has a fox-terrier for part of its trade-mark?

7. Which of the following are mis-spelt: Lascar, Lucifer, Laryngitis, Langour, Liquor, Lammes?

8. In what game does one score "two for his heels"?

9. What living creatures may be sent by post?

10. Is it the male or female mosquito that bites?

11. What is the capital of Norway?

12. Complete the phrases: (a) Take the bull —, (b) Take the rough —.

## Answers to Quiz in No. 256

1. Singer.
2. (a) F. Anstey, (b) R. L. Stevenson.
3. Bombay duck is a dried fish; others are birds.
4. Amelia Earheart.
5. Richard I.
6. Bees.
7. Delphinium, Dependence.
8. Obtuse means blunt; abstruse, difficult to understand.
9. Stalemate.
10. Sturgeon.
11. An Acadian.
12. (a) Quo, (b) See.

## JANE



## TO-DAY'S PICTURE QUIZ



WHAT IS IT?

### ODD QUOTES

I come from nothing; but from where  
Come the undying thoughts  
I bear?

Alice Meynell  
(1850-1922).

If this fail  
The pillars firmament is  
rotteness,  
And earth's base built on  
stubble.

John Milton.

Love is enough: though the  
world be a-waning,  
And the woods have no  
voice but the voice of com-  
plaining.

William Morris  
(1834-1896).

Lean, hungry, savage anti-  
everythings.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

### ALLIED PORTS

Guess the name of this  
ALLIED PORT from the  
following clue to its letters.

My first is in KEENNESS,  
though not in FERVOUR,  
My second's in SWORDFISH,  
but not OBSERVER,  
My third is in HEADGEAR and  
COCKADE,  
My fourth's in DEFENCE, but  
not STOCKADE,  
My fifth's in BESIEGERS, but  
not BLOCKADE,  
My next's not in OARSMAN,  
but CANOE,  
My last is in TACTICS, and  
STRATEGY, too.

(Answer on Page 3)

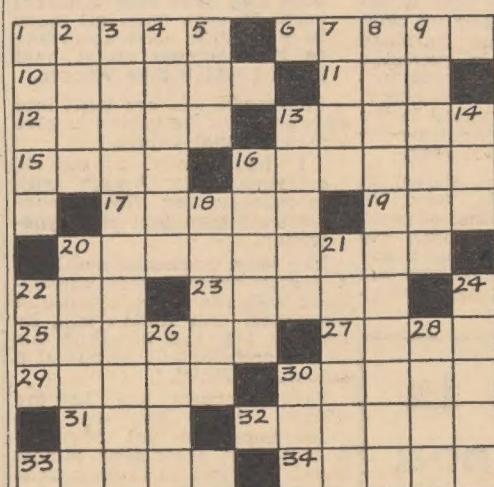
### MIXED DOUBLES

Two words meaning the  
same thing ("comic" and  
"funny," for instance) are  
jumbled in phrase (a); and  
two words with opposite  
meanings (e.g., "past" and  
"future") are mixed in  
phrase (b).

(a) A SINGLE HEM.  
(b) TOM FLIES IDLY.

(Answers on Page 3.)

### CROSSWORD CORNER



#### CLUES ACROSS.

1. Shank.
6. Twist.
10. Unfledged.
11. Artillery men.
12. Heart.
13. Immerse.
15. Vegetable.
16. Town on the Trent.
17. Obscure.
19. Pasture land.
20. Attendance.
22. Health resort.
23. Youth.
25. Believed.
27. Superior person.
29. Mathematical line.
30. Bland.
31. Perched.
32. Edible bird.
33. Language.
34. Equals.

LASH DUMP  
OCTOPUS RAM  
FRIGID LOBE  
TIP P HOOVEL  
DUB WAPITI  
S LOCATES A  
URANUS DIP  
NOTED U OUT  
DAIS BLANCH  
ADO OAT CAKE  
E NEXT ELSE

#### CLUES DOWN.

1. Rate.
2. Rodent.
3. Of a science of numbers.
4. In layers.
5. Weight.
7. Fish.
8. Reptile.
9. Resounds.
13. Sort of trumpet.
14. Girl's name.
18. Hollowed out.
19. Festive occasions.
20. Resist.
21. Guard against loss.
22. Musical note.
24. Does as told.
26. Fruit.
28. Done with.
30. Have a meal.

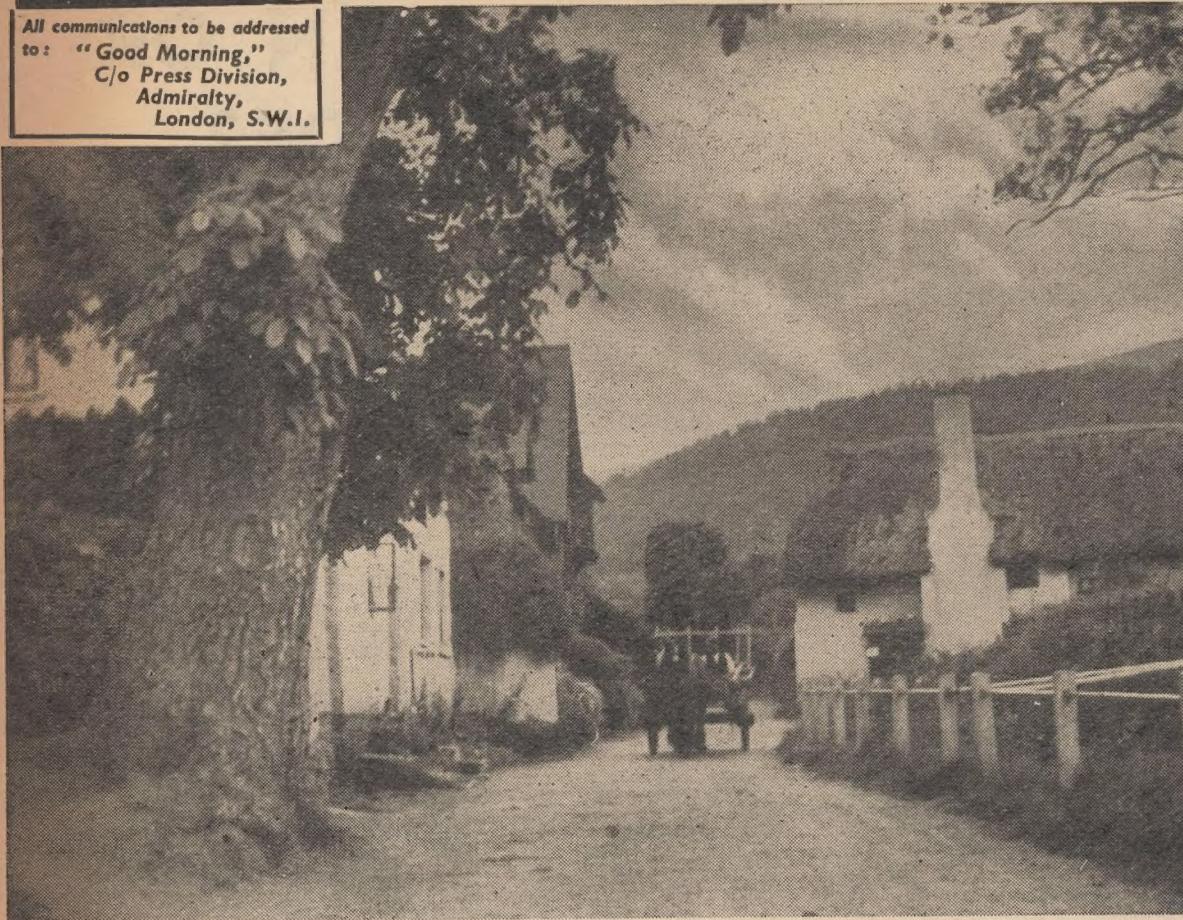


# Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning," C/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

## This England

The quiet, unhurried. A peaceful scene on the road from Luccombe, near Minehead, Somerset.

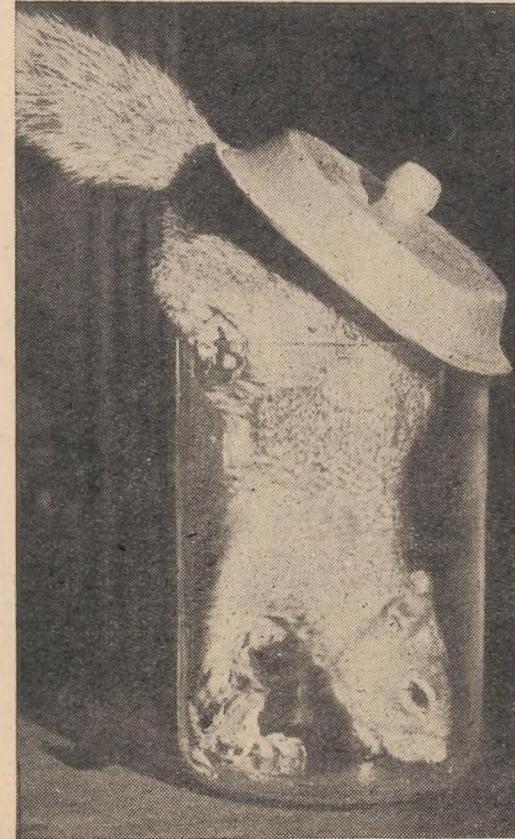
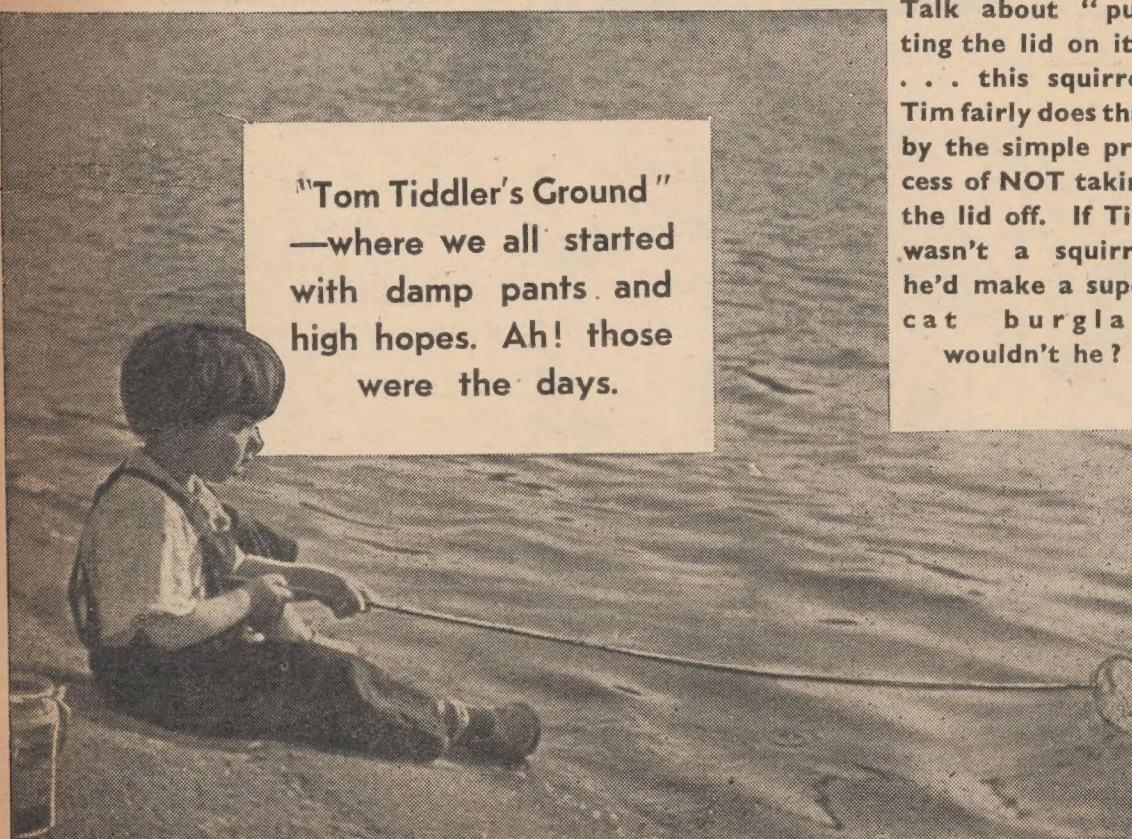


A handful of Mischief



"Tom Tiddler's Ground"—where we all started with damp pants and high hopes. Ah! those were the days.

Talk about "putting the lid on it" . . . this squirrel, Tim fairly does that by the simple process of NOT taking the lid off. If Tim wasn't a squirrel he'd make a super cat burglar, wouldn't he?



Surely one of the sweetest smiles we've ever had the pleasure of giving to you chaps. Point is that it is M.G.M. starlet, Dorothy Morris, who is presenting same.

### SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

